

Good Morning 553

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Angelic Picture
of some Scamps
for L.S. Ken
Mepham



FANNY ADAMS WAS SWEET

Jack Robinson, Hookey Walker, Fanny Adams, the Real MacKay, and O.K., are part of our common speech, and here is something about the forgotten originals told by J. M. MICHAELSON

BEHIND the expressions many of us use every day are some strange stories, and, without realising it, we commemorate the names of men and women who otherwise would have long ago been forgotten.

Why do we say "Sweet Fanny Adams," or "Sweet F.A.," as it is often shortened nowadays? Fanny Adams was

the victim of a now completely forgotten murder, although 77 years ago it filled the headlines because of the ingenuity with which the murderer concealed the body and the brutality of the crime perpetrated upon a charming girl. The murderer was eventually caught and hanged on Christmas Eve.

The Forces seem to have been particularly intrigued by the crime. Someone used

the expression, to cover a shortage of something, "It's like looking for Sweet Fanny Adams." It "took on," and became part of our everyday expressions.

Few of the names thus commemorated have other great claims to fame. Opinions differ as to who was the original "Jack Robinson." One school holds that he was a man of eccentric habits who lived rather more than a century ago. One habit was to visit friends, but hardly stay long enough to have his name announced—to leave, in fact, before you could say "Jack Robinson."

There was a popular comic song about at the time, in which every verse ended, "Before you could say Jack Robinson." Whether this Jack Robinson was inspired by the real Jack Robinson we shall now never know, but it was certainly the song that put the name into wide circulation.

Probably more effort has been made at tracing the origin of the expression "O.K." than any other in the language. This Americanism has now, through the medium of the film, gone all over the world. Whose initials does it commemorate? Mr. H. L. Mencken, the authority on the American language, found two possibilities. One was Obadiah Kelly, a railway freight agent, who put his initials on bills of lading to show that they were—well, O.K.!

Another suggestion is that O.K. stands for Old Keokuk, an Indian chief of Iowa. His followers always said "He's all right" after mentioning his name.

Scholars have put forward the suggestion that O.K. is no one's initials, but simply a corruption of an old English word, "Horky," which was applied to the last load brought back from the harvest fields.

The Real Mackay was undoubtedly originally a real man, but there are differences about who was the original Real Mackay. The most acceptable story seems to be that he was a comic artist on the halls. After he had attained modest fame, another variety performer with the same name appeared.

To protect himself, the first man had himself described on the bills as "The Real Mackay."

There may have been other "real Mackays," but it is only through the medium of the theatre or the newspapers that the phrase could have been heard by enough people to pass into the current spoken language.

Many scores of the expressions we use, of course, com-

memorate fictional characters. For the name of one of his characters to pass into the language is surely one of the greatest testimonials to an author's skill in writing.

"Crusoe" is now often used to describe a shipwrecked man, without the "Robinson." "Scrooge" for a very mean person comes from Dickens' "Christmas Carol." "Quixotic" comes from Cervantes' Don Quixote, who tilted at windmills.

A recent acquisition in this category is "a Peter Pan" to



"What! You got some pipe-cleaners to curl your hair? Gosh! Aren't we lucky? I've bagged some hair-curlers to clean my pipe!"

describe an adult who has refused to grow up.

Occasionally the name of an author is commemorated. The adjective "Gilbertian" is applied to fantastic and paradoxical situations such as usually formed the basis of the librettos of W. S. Gilbert, who was half of the great comic opera team of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Two obscure policemen are recalled in the expressions used to state unbelief—"Tell it to Sweeney" and "Hookey Walker." Sweeney appears to have been an Irish policeman in New York, noted for his credulity, and hence a butt for all the tall tales of the practical jokers.

Walker got his nickname of "Hookey" from the shape of his nose, and was a once notorious informer whose imagination supplied the information he was unable to get.

How corrupted names may become is shown in the expression you may hear amongst Dominion Servicemen particularly—"as happy as Larry."

It is believed the Larry referred to is Lawrence. The expression comes from the fact that St. Lawrence, who was martyred by being roasted, showed his fortitude by asking to be turned over because one side was done.

His tormentors mistook his mystic detachment for laziness.

YOUR two stepbrothers met us at the door of 37 Briar Road, Kingswood, Watford, leading Seaman Kenneth Mepham, and they were soon followed by your stepmother and Jacqueline.

We were lucky to find your family at home, as they had been out on a shopping expedition all afternoon, and had only just returned when we arrived.

Jacqueline, who hides under the alias of Jackie, is getting very grown-up for her seven years, but six-year-old John and young Gordon, just past his third birthday, are still young scamps.

John must have taken a dislike to us, for he did his best to burn the house down by transporting a piece of smouldering rag from the fire to the carpet whenever his mother wasn't looking.

Luckily, he did not succeed—at least, while we were there! According to his mother, Gordon is the imp of the family, but you will agree that all the children look quite angelic in the photograph we got of them.

We were not able to include your father in the group, for he was at the Gasworks, and the Gasworks couldn't get on without their transport manager, could they?

The garden at No. 37 is still sprouting some fine cabbages, and not a few weeds. Mrs. Mepham told us you are not

much of a hand in the garden, but that you might trim the lawn next time you're home—it needs it.

In case you are worried about it, the Hammer is still situated in the same old place, and so is the Watford Town Hall, where dancing is still as popular as ever.

We also learned of your glass-eating exploits on your last leave, when you took a large piece of glass and ate it. Let's hope you've not been doing too much damage to the naval crockery since you've been back, and that you've not had any ill-effects from your previous "meal."

If news of this gets to the Hammer, they will be charging you a deposit on the glass next time you are thinking of going there to get outside a pint of mild and bitter.

Although your favourite record, "Sailor Man," from "Gulliver's Travels," is nearly worn out, the gramophone is still in good working order and is ready for your next leave, when you might be able to infuse some of your liking for swing music into Mrs. Mepham.

We were told that Uncle Doug. and Gran from Portsmouth would wish to be included in the family's greeting to you, so from all of them, the best of luck, Ken.

THAT'S CEPHENOMYIA—THAT WAS!

THE only thing the pilot of an aircraft expects to see passing him is another aircraft. No bird approaches anywhere near the speed of a modern aeroplane.

But there is one insect that could—at any rate theoretically—leave the fastest fighter "standing," and even out-distance rocket-propelled planes.

I say "theoretically" because the insect can maintain its speed, which has been measured at 1,200 feet per second, or over 800 m.p.h., only over very short distances. And the airman would not see it—the deer bot fly goes so fast that all you hear is a buzz and see is a blur!

Cephenomyia, to give it its proper name, is a small insect inhabiting parts of the Americas and plaguing the deer by laying its eggs in their nostrils. The animals naturally do not appreciate the insect's attentions, and only its speed enables it to carry out its raids.

The fly, after a few runs over the target, dives, lays its eggs, and is gone before the animal can shake it off.

The astonishing speed of the deer bot fly when first measured led to disputes.

Some scientists contended that it could not attain this speed, on the grounds that, first of all, if its velocity were really 1,200 feet a second, it would go right through any obstacle like a bullet. And, secondly, that calculations show it would have to consume its own weight in food every minute to supply the necessary energy!

The difficulties of measuring the fly's speed are considerable, as it does not fly on a straight course. The argument about food is replied to by the statement that the speed is only maintained for seconds.

And the fact is that the fly is the most highly specialised insect for speed evolution has produced. Sixty per cent. of its weight is given up to muscles for flight—compared with 25 per cent. in the house fly.

Incidentally, if the speed is attained, you would only hear the fly coming towards you when it had passed, for it is travelling a trifle faster than sound!

T. S. DOUGLAS.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

"MRS. MOP" does for Submariner Charles Devonport



"MRS. MOP" was in possession of your home, (of your blessed memory, and Submariner Charles Devonport, when we called to see your foster-parents at 21 John Street, Altrincham, Cheshire—but it was Mrs. Mop with a difference.

For the character was not fictitious, but your foster-mother, who wielded a paint brush instead of a broom—and it isn't her every-day job, either.

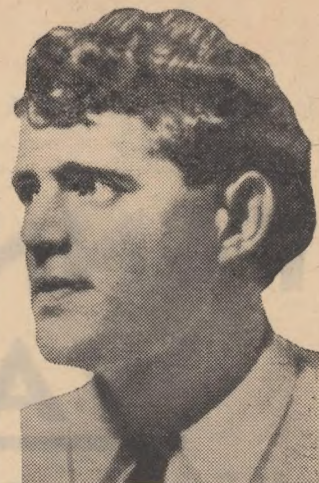
In the war-time absence of paint and painters, she was giving a new coat of distemper to the walls, and, as you can see for yourself, those mischievous kids, nine-year-old

But the paint brushes were momentarily forgotten, for they were all talking about you, wondering how you were faring on the high seas, and how you would like to get a message and picture from home.

Well, here is the picture, and their message is "Good wishes and good luck."

The "FRANCIS SPAIGHT" By Jack LONDON

Famous Novelist's "Two-Day" Story of a Shipwrecked Crew who decided to be Cannibals



THE *Francis Spaight* was running before it solely under a mizzenmast, when the thing happened. It was not due to carelessness so much as to the lack of discipline of the crew and to the fact that they were indifferent seamen at best. The man at the wheel in particular, a Limerick man, had had no experience with salt water beyond that of rafting timber on the Shannon between the Quebec vessels and the shore. He was afraid of the huge seas that rose out of the murk astern and bore down upon him, and he was more given to cowering away from their threatened impact than he was to meeting their blows with the wheel and checking the ship's rush to broach to.

It was three in the morning when his unseamanlike conduct precipitated the catastrophe. At sight of a sea far larger than his fellows, he crouched down, releasing his hands from the spokes. The "Francis Spaight" sheered as her stern lifted on the sea, receiving the full fling of the cap on her quarter. The next instant she was in the trough, her lee-rail buried till the ocean was level with her hatch-combings, sea after sea breaking over her weather rail and sweeping what remained exposed of the deck with icy deluges.

The men were out of hand, helpless and hopeless, stupid in their bewilderment and fear, and resolute only in that they would not obey orders. Some wailed, others clung silently in the weather shrouds, and still others muttered prayers or shrieked vile imprecations; and neither captain nor mate could get them to bear a hand at the pumps or at setting patches of sails to bring the vessel up to the wind and sea. Inside the

hour the ship was over on her beam ends, the lubberly cowards climbing up her side and hanging on in the rigging. When she went over, the mate was caught and drowned in the after-cabin, as were two sailors who had sought refuge in the fore-cabin.

The mate had been the ablest man on board, and the captain was now scarcely less helpless than his men. Beyond cursing them for their worthlessness, he did nothing; and it remained for a man named Mahoney, a Belfast man, and a boy, O'Brien of Limerick, to cut away the fore and main masts. This they did at great risk on the perpendicular wall of the wreck, sending the mizzenmast overside along in the general crash. The "Francis Spaight" righted, and it was well that she was lumber laden, else she would have sunk, for she was already water-logged. The mainmast, still fast by the shrouds, beat like a thunderous sledgehammer against the ship's side, every stroke bringing groans from the men.

Day dawned on the savage ocean, and in the cold grey light all that could be seen of the *Francis Spaight* emerging from the sea were the poop, the shattered mizzenmast, and a ragged line of bulwarks. It was mid-winter in the North Atlantic, and the wretched men were half-dead from cold. But there was no place where they could find rest. Every sea breached clean over the wreck, washing away

the salt incrustations from their bodies and depositing fresh incrustations. The cabin under the poop was a wash to the knees, but here at least was shelter from the chill wind, and here the survivors congregated, standing upright, holding on by the cabin furnishings, and leaning against one another for support.

In vain Mahoney strove to get the men to take turns in watching aloft from the mizzenmast for any chance vessel. The icy gale was too much for them, and they preferred the shelter of the cabin. O'Brien, the boy, who was only fifteen, took turns with Mahoney on the freezing perch. It was the

boy, at three in the afternoon, who called down that he had sighted a sail. This did bring them from the cabin, and they crowded the poop rail and weather mizzen shrouds as they watched the strange ship. But its course did not lie near, and when it disappeared below the sky-line, they returned shivering to the cabin, not one offering to relieve the watch at the mast-head.

By the end of the second day, Mahoney and O'Brien gave up their attempt, and thereafter the vessel drifted in the gale uncared for and without a lookout. There were thirteen alive, and for seventy-two

hours they stood knee-deep in the sloshing water on the cabin floor, half-frozen, without food, and with but three bottles of wine shared among them. All food and fresh water were below, and there was no getting at such supplies in the water-logged condition of the wreck. As the days went by, no food whatever passed their lips. Fresh water, in small quantities, they were able to obtain by holding a cover of a tureen under the saddle of the mizzenmast. But the rain fell infrequently, and they were hard put. When it rained, they also soaked their handkerchiefs, squeezing them out into their mouths or into their shoes. As the wind and sea went down, they were even able to mop the exposed portions of the deck that were free from brine, and so add to their water supply. But food they had none, and no way of getting it, though sea-birds flew repeatedly overhead.

In the calm weather that followed the gale, after having remained on their feet for ninety-six hours, they were able to find dry planks in the cabin on which to lie. But the long hours of standing in the salt water had caused sores to form on their legs. These sores were extremely painful. The slightest contact or scrape caused severe anguish, and in their weak condition and crowded situation they were continually hurting one another in this manner. Not a man could move about without being fol-

lowed by volleys of abuse, curses, and groans. So great was their misery that the strong oppressed the weak, shoving them aside from the dry planks to shift for themselves in the cold and wet.

The boy, O'Brien, was specially maltreated. Though there were three other boys, it was O'Brien who came in for most of the abuse. There was no explaining it, except on the ground that his was a stronger and more dominant spirit than those of the other boys, and that he stood up more for his rights, resenting the petty injustices that were meted out to all the boys by the men. Whenever O'Brien came near the men in search of a dry place to sleep, or merely moved about, he was kicked and cuffed away. In return, he cursed them for their selfish brutishness, and blows and kicks and curses were rained upon him. Miserable as

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A latrobe is a dressing-room, female troubadour, kind of stove, Turkish-towel dressing gown?
2. Where is the world's highest waterfall?
3. What and where was Angara Land?
4. Who was the "Father of English Tragedy," and what are his best-known plays?
5. Which town boasts the oldest bowling club, and when was it founded?

Answers to Quiz in No. 552

1. Ancient dance.
2. Pamir Plateau, Central Asia.
3. A prehistoric continent connecting N. Europe with N. America, and extending over the North Pole.
4. Lake Baikal, Siberia. Deep-sounding, 5,000 feet.
5. "Back to Methuselah." Requires three evenings.
6. Heavy is a measurable quality; others are not.

I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



SOMETHING pretty grim has happened to Richmond, Surrey, councillors over the past few months. At public functions they've been taken for ordinary members of the public.

To avoid this "embarrassment" happening again the Corporation has now decided that in future the councillors will wear robes as well as aldermen. They will pay for them themselves and the cost will be around £5.

Coun. A. C. McDougall told me: "Some time ago at the end of a religious service the congregation was told to remain behind until the Corporation had left. The aldermen in their robes got out all right, but the 'unrobed' councillors got left behind."

The Government announced recently that the ban on local elections would be lifted in 1945.

★

FOOD they get in their own dining-rooms at the House of Commons is to be discussed by M.P.s. Some of them are dissatisfied with it. One of them said the other day in the Commons that it was bad, expensive and dull. That is not a unanimous opinion by any means, as the debate will doubtless show.

In order to get their debate the critics are going to oppose the setting up of the Kitchen Committee which manages the refreshment department of the Commons, but not of the Lords. Some M.P.s took the same course a year ago.

★

COLLAPSE of moral standards in Britain was already apparent before the war, Dr. C. M. Chavasse, Bishop of Rochester, told Tunbridge Wells Rotary Club.

Statistics for births and marriages showed that even in 1938 fornication was as prevalent before marriage as adultery was afterwards.

There must be an awful lot of snoopers if the Bish is right.

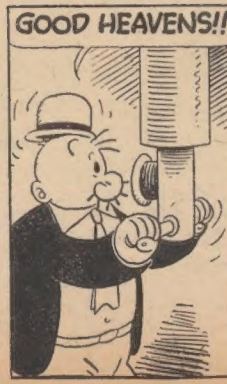
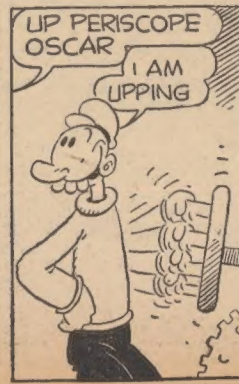
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

1. Insert consonants in O*E*O* and *E*A*A and get two American States.
2. Here are two craftsmen whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
BRECKALB — HMTSMULP.
3. If "compartment" is the "part" of a railway train, what is the part of (a) Politics, (b) Teaching?
4. Find Lady Burpy's, two daughters hidden in: After his wedding, Fred naturally invited to the spa me, Lady Burpy, and Tom.

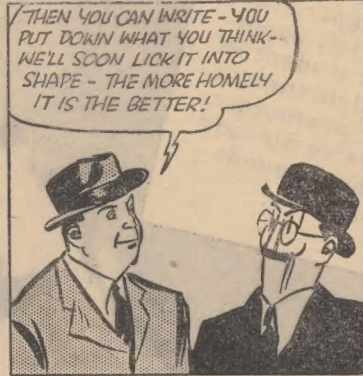
Answers to Wangling Words No. 491

- 1. WATERFORD, ROSCOMMON.
- 2. PLASTER—CEMENT.
- 3. (a) Odessa, (b) Mode, (c) Corrode.

JANE



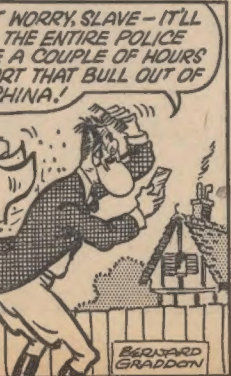
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



"THE FRANCIS SPAIGHT"

(Continued from Page 2) to die, or for one to die. We are standing with our feet in our graves. If one of us dies, the rest may live until a ship is sighted. What say you?"

Michael Behane, the man who had been at the wheel when the Francis Spaight broached to, called out that it was well. The others joined in the cry.

"Let it be one of the by's!" cried Sullivan, a Tarbert man, glancing at the same time significantly at O'Brien.

"It is my opinion," the captain went on, "that it will be a good deed for one of us to die for the rest."

"A good deed! A good deed!" the men interjected.

"And it is my opinion that 'tis best for one of the boys to die. They have no families to support, nor would they be considered so great a loss to their friends as those who have wives and children."

"'Tis right." "Very right." "Very fit it should be done," the men muttered one to another.

But the four boys cried out against the injustice of it.

"Our lives is just as dear to us as the rest iv yez," O'Brien protested. "An' our famblies, too. As for wives an' childer, who is there savin' meself to care for me old mother that's a widow, as you know well, Michael Behane, that comes from Limerick? 'Tis not fair. Let the lots be drawn between all of us, men and b'ys."

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

TO-DAY'S LAUGH

She had been turning over every article the weary shop assistant had placed before her, but nothing seemed to be just what she wanted.

"I am afraid there's nothing to suit," she said at length, and then in a burst of confidence whispered, "You see, to-morrow is my husband's birthday, and I wanted to surprise him."

The man behind the counter gave her a searching look.

"Well," he suggested icily, "why not hide behind the arm-chair and yell 'boo' at him?"

HOMES TO COME

SEVEN-STORY blocks of cessful in a Leeds housing flats with electric lifts, roof estate—will cut out exhausting gardens and a communal laun- stair climbing.

The whole layout includes the first post-war year build- grassi plots in the front and ing programme of Hornsey, rear.

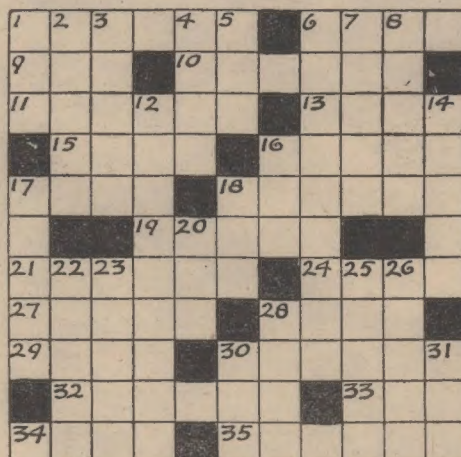
Mr. Richards says that the Theborough engineer, Mr. J.H. flats, if approved by the coun- Melville-Richards, and his staff cil, will be primarily designed are putting before the council for working-class families: two a small, highly-detailed model bedrooms, living room, kitchen of the sort of flats they think and bathroom.

Ordinary houses for larger Modern style is the keynote. families to whom flat life would The ground floor is entirely de- be unsuitable are planned as voted to storage, garages, pram part of the housing scheme. sheds, laundry and entrance Some will be built on bombed halls. Other facilities include sites.

"We have set out to provide a roof garden, day nursery, the maximum amount of air deck chair store."

Automatic lifts—this is an and sunlight for these flats," experiment which proved suc- Mr. Richards explained.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Agree to use.
- 6 Knights.
- 9 Distorted.
- 10 Fur.
- 11 Footman.
- 13 Vex.
- 15 Slide.
- 16 Brown pigment.
- 17 Sharpen.
- 18 Encourage.
- 19 Hit.
- 21 Part of stamen.
- 24 Little rascals.
- 27 Enticed.
- 28 Puddle.
- 29 Ireland.
- 30 Let.
- 32 Coin.
- 33 Preservative.
- 34 Stags.
- 35 Wishing to sit.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Pointed tool.
- 2 Coarse linen.
- 3 Series.
- 4 Furtive glance.
- 5 Attempt.
- 6 Assimilation.
- 7 Not suitable.
- 8 Fail to justify.
- 12 Cooking range.
- 14 Birds.
- 16 Coin.
- 17 Marine mammal.
- 18 As.
- 20 Guided.
- 22 Foster.
- 23 Nonsense.
- 25 Slogan.
- 26 Appeal earnestly.
- 28 Duke.
- 30 Bone.
- 31 uninteresting.

DANCE BOAST
OVAL CANDLE
REGULAR MAP
IN BOG CITE
CUB LEMUR E
EARL ARAB
D TASTY LAP
AWAY HOW BE
REV CURATOR
TRIPOD ROOK
SEAMY PENNY

LEGS

FURTHER to our review of "pin-ups," let's get to the point—or rather the legs.

Despite various restrictions, movie-makers continue to engineer situations in which cinema lovelies can display curvaceous limbs in the interest of the story.

Whenever the public wishes to see more of Dorothy Lamour the studio puts her into a sarong and a "Rainbow Island." In her latest South Sea epic, which "kids" all sarong sagas, Dorothy not only wears the scantiest of sarongs in existence, but also does an underwater ballet with the Hopkins twins, of Bill Rose's Aquacade at the New York World Fair.

If Betty Grable is bombarded with requests for more pin-up pictures, her bosses make a "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," and there's no trouble in exposing Barbara Stanwyck in a burlesque picture.

What really stumps studios, however, are films which apparently provide slight opportunity for glamour girls to prove that their legs, as well as their faces, can be fortunes. That's why screen writers, directors and the players themselves go all out to get the leg back in circulation.

For instance, when Mark Sandrich was shooting a scene in which Paulette Goddard was trying to shake Sonny Tufts in Paramount's "I Love a Soldier," they wound up in an amusement park. Paulette stopped to castigate Sonny on his "dawdling" proclivities, and Sandrich had an idea. While Paulette was standing there, in something of a temper, a blast of air blew her dress above her head. Of course, they had to have the underpinnings to go with the gag, but that won't detract from audience enjoyment.

THE most optimistic characters scoffed at the idea of Bette Davis showing her legs in a cinema, but a resourceful director solved the problem in "The Bride Comes C.O.D." Shooting on location, he had Miss Davis thrown from a horse into a clump of cactus.

There's nothing wrong with being tossed from a pony, nor is it out-of-bounds for a female so treated to forget about keeping her skirts down. The result was Bette Davis "leg-art."

In recent years Barbara Stanwyck has made much of her legs in pictures, and her latest success, "Double Indemnity," is no exception. Greer Garson sticks to the high road of stark drama, but that didn't keep her director from giving the public a glimpse of the Garson legs as she did a Highland fling in "Random Harvest."

Cinema celebrities have learned from millions of fan letters and requests for pin-up pictures that the world is interested in seeing more of them!

Dick Gordon

KNOCK-OUT PACKIN' MOMMA

Is it a trick of the camera, or has Constance Moore really got the sort of biceps which, in our experience, invariably go with a wicked left upper-cut? If there's any earnest student in the class who wishes enlightenment, he should write to the promoters, RKO Radio. As for us, we've already invited the gal to a brisk three rounds—of hot buttered toast.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

